

THE TRI-WEEKLY HERALD.

\$15 -Dollars for 3 Months.]

Devoted to the Dissemination of General Information.

[Single Copies \$1 00.

VOLUME I.

NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1865.

NUMBER 17.

THE TRI-WEEKLY HERALD

IS PUBLISHED AT

NEWBERRY C. H.,

Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday,
By Thos. F. & R. E. Grenaker

Terms—\$15 for three months, in advance. Ad-
vertisements inserted at the rate of \$5 for first
insertion of twelve lines or less, and \$4 for sub-
sequent insertion.

[From the Pacificator.]

LAFETE DES MORTS.

Peace to the Dead! though the skies are chill
And the Norse wind waileth coarse and thrill
Peace to the Dead! though the living shake
The globe, with their brawling battle quake;
Peace to the Dead! though peace is not
In the regal dome or the paper cot;
Peace to the Dead! there's peace we trust,
With the Pale Dreamers in the dust!

Roses and pansies guard them well,
Tinging triumphant Immortelle;
Minions of doubt, we bend the knee
To the kings and queens of mystery!
Storms and sunshine, mist and rain,
Do ye mock at their marble doors in vain!
And ye, sepulchral cliffs of night!
Do ye rise to appeal their shadowed sight?
O darkness! thy mission is not just
To the pale dreamers in the dust.

Peace to the dead afar and near,
In folds of satin or beggar's bier;
Whether they sleep in the kirk-yard mound
Or bleach in the gullied seas profound;
Gathered by Time's dull scythe,
Or cleft in the scarlet fields of war,
Godless is he who breaketh the crust
Of the past, O'er the dreamers in the dust!

Peace to the mother, there beguiled
With her frozen life—her breathless child;
Peace to the father, and his wife—
Peace to the lonely and the great;
Peace to the maidens as they rest
With the cross on the cold and waxen breast;
Peace to the soldier, blossoms and bud,
For he felt with the sacrament of blood;
Peace to the dead! there's peace we trust,
With the pale dreamers in the dust!

Father! if peace is not with them,
Where shall we seek for the subtle gem?
'Tis not of the earth, for we lose it here,
And death is the gate of the Golden Sphere.
Father! thy mercy's cannot cease—
Crush us, but give thy sleepers peace;
Faint as, Redeemer, if thou must,
Not pardon the dreamers in the Dust.

JAMES M. RANDALL

[From the Camden Journal and Confederate]
A Villainous Yankee Letter.

We publish the following letter from a Yan-
kee to his wife in Boston, which was found
near this place after the Yankees had left. It
is undoubtedly genuine, and will serve great-
ly to dispel the last lingering belief still remain-
ing in some deluded minds that the plund-
ering and thieving of the Yankee army was, if
winked at, certainly not shared in by those in
authority. We see from this letter that from
Sherman himself down to the lowest drummer
in his army, the plundering is conducted on
system, and the booty shared upon established
principles. We do not think that anything is
necessary to produce a correct conviction of
the Yankee character in this community,
where it is everywhere written in characters
so plain that he who runs may read, but as
one of the curiosities of the times we thought
it not unworthy of insertion:

CAMP NEAR CAMDEN, S. C.

February 26, 1865.

My dear Wife: I have no time for particu-
lars. We have had a glorious time in this
State. Unrestricted license to burn and plun-
der was the order of the day. The clergy
have been strip of most of their valuables.
Gold watches, silver pitchers, cups, spoons,
forks, &c., &c., are as common in camp as
blackberries. The terms of plunder are as
follows: The valuables procured are estimated
by companies. Each company is required to
exhibit the results of its operations at any
given place—one-fifth and first choice falls to
the share of the Commander-in-Chief and
staff; one-fifth to the corps commanders and
staff; one-fifth to field officers of regiment,
and two-fifths to the company. Officers are
not allowed to join in these expeditions with-
out disguising themselves as privates. One of
our corps commanders borrowed a suit of
rough clothes from one of my men and was
very successful at this place. He got a large
quantity of silver (among other things an old
time silver milk pitcher) and a very fine gold
watch from a Mr. DeSausure at this place.
DeSausure is one of the F. F. V.'s of South
Carolina, and was made to fork out liberally.
Officers over the rank of captain are not trade

to put their plunder in the estimate for gen-
eral distribution. This is very unfair, and for
that reason, in order to protect themselves,
subordinate officers and privates keep back
everything that they can carry about their
persons—such as rings, ear-rings, breast-pins,
&c., &c., of which, if I live to get home, I have
about a quart. I am not joking—I have at
least a quart of jewelry for you and all the
girls—and some No. 1 diamond rings and pins
among them. General Sherman has silver and
gold enough to start a bank. His share in
gold watches and chains alone, at Columbia,
was two hundred and seventy-five (\$275).

But I said I could not go into particulars.
All the general officers, and many besides, have
valuables of every description down to em-
broided ladies pocket handkerchiefs. (I
have my share of them too). We took gold
and silver enough from the d-d rebels to have
redeemed their infernal currency twice over.
This (the currency) whenever we came across
it we burned, as we considered it utterly
worthless.

I wish all the jewelry this army has, could
be carried to the "Old Bay State." It would
deck her out in glorious style; but alas it will
be scattered all over the North and Middle
States. The damned niggers, as a general
rule, preferred to star at home—particularly
after they found out that we only wanted the
able bodied men (and to tell you the truth,
the youngest and best looking women). Some-
times we took off whole families and planta-
tions of niggers, by way of repaying some in-
fluential secessionist. But the useless part of
these we soon managed to lose—sometimes in
crossing rivers—sometimes in other ways.

I shall write to you again from Wilmington,
Goldboro or some other place in North Caro-
lina. The order to march has arrived and I
must close hurriedly. Love to grandmother
and Aunt Charlotte. Take care of yourself and
the children. Don't show this letter out of
the family.

Your affectionate husband,

Thos. J. Ayres, Lieut. &c.

P.S.—I will send this by the first flag of
truce to be mailed; unless I have an opportu-
nity of sending it to Hilton Head. Tell Sally
I am saving a pearl bracelet and ear rings for
her. Bob Lambert got a necklace and breast-
pin of the same set. I am trying to trade him
out of them. These were taken from the Miss
Jamisons, daughters of the President of the
S. C. secession convention. We found these
ladies on our trip through Georgia.

NEW ORLEANS AS IT IS.—A correspondent
of a Northern Journal, writing from New Or-
leans, gives the amazed description of the
city:

No city in the South presents more marked
changes as New Orleans. Once it was the
great mart for trade, and distinguished for the
social refinement of its people, as well as their
high prosperity. All this has changed. Its
streets no longer teem with a large and busi-
ness population; their occupation is gone.
Shops now replace what once were mercantile
houses; for the great merchants are ruined
or dead, or in the army which is but another
name for death. In years gone by this port was
crowded with hundreds of vessels from all
parts of the world; and steamboats by scores
daily arrived and departed. There is a melan-
choly contrast now. Once in a while there is
a bark or ship from Northern ports but rarely
one from a foreign country, except the few
small vessels which ply between Matamoros
and this port. In a social aspect, the aspect
is none the less sorrowful. The rich people
have been ruined, and nearly all who could,
have fled; some few remain to save some-
thing from the wreck of fortune, accumulated
by years of honest toil and integrity; but
they are generally exclusive, and are rarely
seen.

A STRANGE FACT.—When shooting rabbits
the other day, (says a Northumbrian friend,)
I stood awhile on the spot where I was con-
cealed by a piece of broom; when six partridges
alighted about sixty yards from me. They
had not enjoyed themselves there more than
a minute, by stretching their necks and
spreading their wings, when a sparrow-hawk
came dashing along the hedge-rows in his
usual rapid style. Taking a hurried aim at
him, I broke his thigh and leg. He skinned
on, passing within three yards of the partridges,
which were so frightened at the sight of their
winged enemy that they did not rise at the
report of my gun. After loading, I proceeded
to finish the hawk, which was perched on a
willow, fifty yards beyond the partridges,
going through the midst of them. The ground
where they lay was quite bare, and so near
was I to them that I might have touched the
most distant bird with the end of my gun.
It is said if a paper kite be flown in a field
where there are partridges, they will be until
a net is thrown over them. They must take
the piece of paper for a bird of prey hovering
in the air.

The Art of Fighting.

Prince Frederick Charles, of Prussia, in a
pamphlet printed some years ago, gave us the
first principle of the French army, that the
French soldier always marches forward; the
second, he says, is, that moral is superior to
physical force. So Marshal Canrobert, when
he had a *coup de main* on his hands in the
Crimea, always asked his soldiers: "Do you
feel equal to it?" They never answered "No,"
and the promise which they themselves had
given to their General was the guarantee of
their success. The third principle of the
French, according to the Prince, is, to hold
themselves in a serried column against an en-
emy which is badly disciplined and unaccus-
tomed to military manoeuvres; and, on the
contrary, to fight with disordered ranks and
like skirmishers when they have to do with
regular and well disciplined troops. The fourth
French principle is, never to defend them-
selves passively. Of this the Prince says:
"If it happens that the French are attacked
by a close column, they proceed in this way,
and it is especially excellent when the attack
is not supported by a *corps de reserve*. The
French riflemen give way at the point of at-
tack; the attacking column, imagining that
this is the commencement of a retreat, pushes
on, but soon the riflemen present a new front;
one or two columns advance; the sharpshoot-
ers surround the enemy on all sides; he hesi-
tates; he loses time; he can not turn back;
there he is compelled to fight, and is abandon-
ed to his fate. The French soldiers are order-
ed, in this case, not to kill any more, but to
make prisoners, because a soldier can take
five or six prisoners in the time required to
kill one man."

"It is a principle," says the Prince, "in the
French army, that on attack, when once re-
solved upon, can never be executed too soon
or too rapidly. In Italy, fire seldom lasted a
quarter of an hour before they came to the
bayonet; oftentimes they did not turn a car-
tridge during the attack. It appears now
that the French attack at a full run, to which
they are excited during peace, so that, when
they reach the enemy, they are not out of
breath." The Prince claims many of these
principles as of Prussian origin. He believes
that they are not even the product of the
French national character, and that the tem-
perament of the Prussian soldiers is admir-
ably adapted to their adoption. In conclusion,
he proposes first to employ riflemen by col-
umns of one company each; second, to dis-
pose the armed infantry rather than in breadth,
which increases the power of resistance on
the flanks, and prevents a rapid loss of men;
and thirdly, the disposition of an army as
much as possible like the squares on a chess-
board, which is the best means of sustaining
the impetuous attack of such troops as the
Zouaves and Turcos made on a full run and
with the bayonet. Perhaps it would be well
for some of our own authorities to study these
principles.

SWEDENBORG'S CLAIRVOYANCE.—In the year
1759, when Mr. De Swedenborg, toward the
end of February, on Saturday at 2 o'clock p. m.,
arrived at Gottenburg from England, Mr.
William Costel invited him to his house,
together with a party of fifteen persons.
About 8 o'clock Dr. De Swedenborg went out,
and after a short interval returned to the
company quite pale and alarmed. He said
that a dangerous fire had just broken out in
Stockholm, at the Sundermalm, (Gottenburg
is about 200 miles from Stockholm,) and that
it was spreading very fast. He was restless,
and went out often; He said that the house of
one of his friends, whom he named, was already
in ashes, and that his own was in danger.
At 8 o'clock, after he had been out again, he
joyfully exclaimed, Thank God! the fire is
extinguished the third door from my house.
This news occasioned great commotion through-
out the whole city, and particularly among the
company in which he was. It was announced
to the Governor the same evening.

On Saturday morning, Swedenborg was
sent for by the Governor, who questioned
him concerning the disaster. Swedenborg
described the fire precisely, how it had begun,
in what manner it had ceased, and how long
it had continued. On the same day the news
was spread through the city, and, as the
Governor had thought it worthy of attention,
the constabulary had considerably increased,
because many were in trouble on account of
their friends and property, which might have
been involved in their disaster. On Monday
evening, a messenger arrived at Gottenburg;
who was despatched during the time of fire.
In the letters brought by him the fire was de-
scribed precisely in the manner stated by
Swedenborg. On Tuesday morning, the royal
council arrived at the Governor's with the
melancholy intelligence of the fire, of the loss
it had occasioned, and of the houses it had
damaged and ruined, not in the least different

from that which Swedenborg had given im-
mediately after it had ceased, for the fire was
extinguished at 8 o'clock.—*Emanuel Kant.*

FROM TENNESSEE.—We have conversed with
an old friend, of Winchester, Tenn., who left
that place the 24th of last month. He gives us
a great deal of local news as to the treatment
of the people by the Yankees. He says the
negro has become an eyesore to the Federals,
and in many instances are sent back to mas-
ters, the Yankees not knowing what to do
with them. Out of 2,800 negroes stationed
at Nashville 1,900 have died. When a surgeon
was asked why the mortality among them
was so great, he replied, that fresh beef and
hard tack was sure to bring about chronic di-
arrhea, and it was nearly always fatal. He
wished to God they were all dead.

The mountains in Tennessee are full of ban-
ditti, who rob and slay indiscriminately, all
travelers.

The Yankee authorities are taking steps to
confiscate the property of all persons who have
fled the country. One Horace Harrison, of
Warren county, is confiscating agent for Mid-
dle Tennessee.

Mr. R. O. Smith, one of the first citizens of
Franklin county—a man of wealth and high
character—was taken out lately from his house,
by some Yankees, and hanged till he was dead.
The charge against him was that he had given
food and shelter to rebel spies at his house.
Mr. Smith was a personal friend of the writer
of this article, and many Tennesseean exiles
will be pained to hear of his cold blooded
murder by the Yankee fiends.

Two or three men in the county of Franklin
who deserted the Confederate armies and re-
turned to their homes are the scorn of our citi-
zens, who are still as defiant as ever to Lin-
coln tyranny, but they cannot speak their
sentiments, as Yankee detectives are on every
hand to report any one preparatory to confis-
cating his property, if he dares any. He says
the Yankee Convention at Nashville was not
attended by a single man from Franklin coun-
ty in which he lives. It was a gathering of
traitors and Yankees. Prayers were offered
daily for the success of our arms by thousands
of mothers, fathers, and sisters, whose dear
ones are in the Confederate armies, or have
died in defence of the South. There was much
grief at the defeat of blood, but their hopes
of our ultimate independence are not blasted.
—*West Point Bulletin.*

THE DEVIL STILL LOOSE.—Many persons
says the Raleigh Confederate, are predicting
that the world is coming to an end, in this or
the next year. But we have the assurance
that the Devil is to be chained, and locked up,
for a thousand years before that event occurs.
Any one who will read the following from
Brownlow, dated Knoxville, will see that he is
still at large, and has just been elected Gov-
ernor of unhappy Tennessee.

It is thus that this debased fiend speaks of
his countrymen:

"Impoverish the villains—take all they
have—give their effects to the Union men
they have crippled and imprisoned, and let
them have their "Southern rights." They
swore they would carry on the war until they
exhausted their last little negro and lost their
lands. Put it to them is our advice, most re-
ligiously—fleece them, and let them know how
other men feel when robbed of all they have!
Let them be punished—let them be impover-
ished—let them be slain—and after slain, let
them be damned."

A LESSON OF HISTORY.—Rev. Dr. Ryland,
in his Memoirs of Andrew Fuller, recites a
conversation between that eminent divine and
several clergymen of the English Establish-
ment. A reference to the apostacy of Dissent-
ers from evangelical theology to Socinianism,
elicited the following expression of opinion on
his part:

"We can account for the decline of Presby-
terianism in England, on the ground of their
Pedobaptism. The old orthodox English
Presbyterians made so much of their 'seed,'
and the 'dedication of them to God,' as they
called it, by baptism, that, presuming on their
conversion, they sent them to seminaries of
learning, to be ministers before they were
Christians; and as they grew up, being des-
titute of any principle of religion, they turned
aside to anything rather the gospel. The
effect of this was, that some of the people,
especially the young and graceless followed
them; the rest have become Independents or
Baptists."

Foreign emigration opens brightly, and late ar-
rivals from Ireland indicates a large movement
through the present season. The steamships
Virginia and City of Manchester, arrived at New
York, March 29th, with eleven hundred emi-
grants.

Good old Bishop Hall writes, that "I would as
soon be a brute beast as an ignorant rich man."